Huckle the Bear

by Jonathan Olvera

Huckle was a Medium Brown Bear. Who had a dark and button nose likie an apple or a Plumb.

He was used to the changes in the nature reserve where he accustomed to roam and search for food.

Growling and Thinking to himself in animal murmmrs and wild utterances was the way Huckle used to communictae.

His gentle and mud beaten paws had taken him miles and miles across the scenery he had lived his entire life as a cub up to the twentieth year of his life.

This gentle animal under normal circumstances had given much thought to his mother and the pkace he called home.

Huckle would look up at the sky and in hiself ask for the sun to give fruit to the seed under his paw.

Times did change and the migartion of rodent animals Racoons and humans alwayys changed the bounty of patience.

Raspberrrys and Strawberries where a delght to the young brown bear.

Blueberries and Oranges.

Apples also.

It wasn't long before a larger ape.

Humans took notice to Huckles gentle and patient nature.

It was very memorable the first times I personally met this unique specimen.

I saw the bear and immidiately I felt a natural bond with the beast.

"Huckle!"

I called out to him.

It was the first encounter I had with him across the Barbed and Electric fence that separated the bears from the Human Sector.

"I know you like fruit!"

I made a promise to my self to save all the seed upon my return home to build a large mound for in the worst time the bear could find food to eat and no pursue men.

One year passed.

I had a mountain of Pear pits and Mango seed to give to the bear.

I wanted to arrange them in the enclosure and feed the giant.

I dropped them off and handed then to the keeper at the station nearby.

Huckle will always be my neigboor and friend, he is my pet in nature.

I love saving him fruit and watching him grow up.

It wasn't untill the circus arrived and that I satrted to notice Huckle had a talent.

He was becoming used to mirroring people and wearing human clothes!

It was so funny.

He would wear a Sombrero and picked up a guitar some hippies had left behind.

The handle of soft and treated woods would grasp and cling unto the fur of the young bear.

It was amazing what a circus could teach a bear to do.

Huckle began to act human and mimic a clown!

Using berries to paint and draw and digging in trash cans to use make up and lipstick to appear lady like and human.

It was the funniest sights I have ever seem in a Wild life encounter.

Soon Huckle the bear caught every ones attention.

Local bands would arrive and play musical instruments and the bear would always mimic.

One band Played rock music and the bear did the same.

Another played salsa music and the bear picked up maracas and started to dance like the group!

It was awesome and one of the silliest bear encounters in my life.

Gosh! I thought I was hungry!

This bear was acting out!

Huckle the BearBy Jonathan Olvera

Huckle was a medium-sized brown bear with a dark, button-like nose, round and shiny like an apple or a plum. His fur was thick and rugged, a mixture of deep chestnut and lighter caramel hues that shimmered under the sun. He had grown accustomed to the ever-changing landscape of the nature reserve where he roamed, searching for food and following the ancient rhythms of the wild.

Growling softly to himself in deep, rumbling murmurs, Huckle expressed his thoughts in the only language he knew—the silent whispers of the wind, the rustling of the trees, and the occasional guttural utterances that only other creatures of the wild could understand.

His broad, mud-streaked paws had carried him across countless miles of terrain, from the dense forests to the open meadows, through rivers that glittered under the sky and valleys that stretched as far as his keen eyes could see. Since the days of his cubhood up until his twentieth year, this land had been his home, and every tree, every rock, every scent carried a memory.

Under normal circumstances, Huckle was a gentle creature, his thoughts often drifting to his mother, the one who had taught him how to survive, and to the place he instinctively called home. Though he was strong, capable of great force, he preferred the quiet moments of reflection—watching the clouds move, feeling the earth beneath his feet, listening to the heartbeat of the wild.

On certain days, he would sit beneath the towering trees, gazing up at the sky, and in his own silent way, he would wish for the sun to bless the land. He longed for it to nourish the seeds buried beneath his paws, to bring forth the fruits that he so dearly loved.

Times were changing, however. The migrations of rodents, raccoons, and even humans had begun to shift the balance of nature. The bounty that once came with patience and the passing of the seasons was no longer as predictable as it used to be.

But still, there were joys to be found. Huckle delighted in the sweet taste of raspberries and strawberries, savoring their rich flavors whenever he could find them. Blueberries, oranges, and apples were among his favorites as well, a reward for his patience and keen foraging skills. Each bite was a reminder of the abundance the world had to offer, even in times of change.

Then came the day when the larger apes—humans—took notice of Huckle’s gentle and patient nature.

It was a moment that would remain forever etched in my memory, the first time I laid eyes on him. I had heard stories of this unique bear, but nothing could have prepared me for the connection I felt when I finally met him in person.

Standing on the other side of the barbed and electric fence that separated the bears from the human sector, I called out to him, my voice carrying through the crisp air.

“Huckle!”

At first, he merely observed me, his deep brown eyes studying me with quiet curiosity. There was no fear, no aggression—just a calm, intelligent presence that seemed to recognize something familiar in me.

“I know you like fruit!” I said, smiling as I reached into my bag and pulled out an offering.

That day, I made a promise to myself. I vowed to save every seed from the fruit I ate, to gather them and plant a mound that would one day provide sustenance for Huckle in the times when food was scarce. I wanted to give him something that would last beyond a single feeding—something that could grow and flourish, just as he had.

A year passed, and I kept my promise. By then, I had collected a mountain of pear pits and mango seeds, carefully storing them with the hope that they would one day sprout into a lush grove of fruit-bearing trees. When the time was right, I gathered them all and took them to the reserve, handing them to the keeper at the station nearby.

“This is for Huckle,” I said. “So he’ll always have something to eat.”

The keeper smiled, nodding in understanding as they took the seeds. I watched as they carried them off, envisioning the day when those seeds would take root, when the trees would grow tall and strong, providing shade and nourishment for the bear who had become my friend.

Huckle will always be my neighbor, my silent companion in the vast wilderness. He is not a pet in the conventional sense, but he is a part of my world, a presence that

brings me peace and joy. There is something deeply fulfilling about watching him grow, knowing that in some small way, I have contributed to his well-being.

Then, one fateful day, the circus arrived in town, and I discovered something truly unexpected—Huckle had a talent!

Now, I had always thought of Huckle as a dignified creature, a philosopher of the wild, but as it turns out, he was a natural entertainer. The moment the circus set up near the reserve, Huckle began to take an interest in human behavior. He would sit on his haunches, watching with wide-eyed fascination as clowns tumbled, acrobats flipped, and musicians played their instruments.

Then, the unthinkable happened. Some traveling hippies accidentally left behind a sombrero and a guitar. Before I knew it, Huckle had plopped the hat on his head and picked up the guitar. Now, mind you, bears aren't known for their musical skills, but somehow, Huckle managed to strum out something that vaguely resembled a tune—or at least, what a bear playing guitar with his claws might sound like.

Soon, he wasn't just playing music. Huckle started mirroring people! He would watch humans walk by, then attempt to imitate them—standing on his hind legs, wobbling around in an exaggerated fashion. He even tried wearing clothes, much to the amusement of the park rangers, who once caught him digging through a trash can, applying makeup with berry juice, and striking dramatic poses in the reflection of a car window.

As word spread, local bands started visiting just to play for Huckle, curious to see what he would do next. One rock band set up their instruments, and before long, Huckle was pretending to play an imaginary drum set, banging sticks against a fallen log with a serious expression. Another group played salsa music, and—believe it or not—Huckle found himself some maracas (okay, they were just old tin cans with pebbles in them, but still) and started shaking them in rhythm!

It was, without a doubt, the funniest thing I had ever seen in my life. A bear, standing upright, shaking tin cans like he was in a conga line. I nearly choked on my snack from laughing so hard.

Huckle, my once-dignified forest philosopher, had become a full-blown performer. I half-expected him to start selling tickets to his own show.

And just when I thought I had seen it all, Huckle upped his game. One day, he walked into the reserve’s visitor center (because, apparently, doors meant nothing to him now) and attempted to barter with the park ranger using—get this—a handful of blueberries and an old boot. What he thought he was buying, I’ll never know, but I like to believe he was trying to rent a stage.

So, there you have it. Huckle the bear, my once-serene neighbor, had become the most entertaining thing to ever happen to this nature reserve. And to think—I just wanted to make sure he had enough fruit to eat.

Lesson learned: Never underestimate a bear. Especially one with a sombrero, a guitar, and a passion for salsa music.